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RED RIDING HOOD

PAUL GALDONE



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# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

*Adapted from the Retelling by the Brothers Grimm*



PAUL GALDONE

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY

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Kuala Lumpur London Mexico Montreal New Delhi Panama  
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*To Amy Spaulding*

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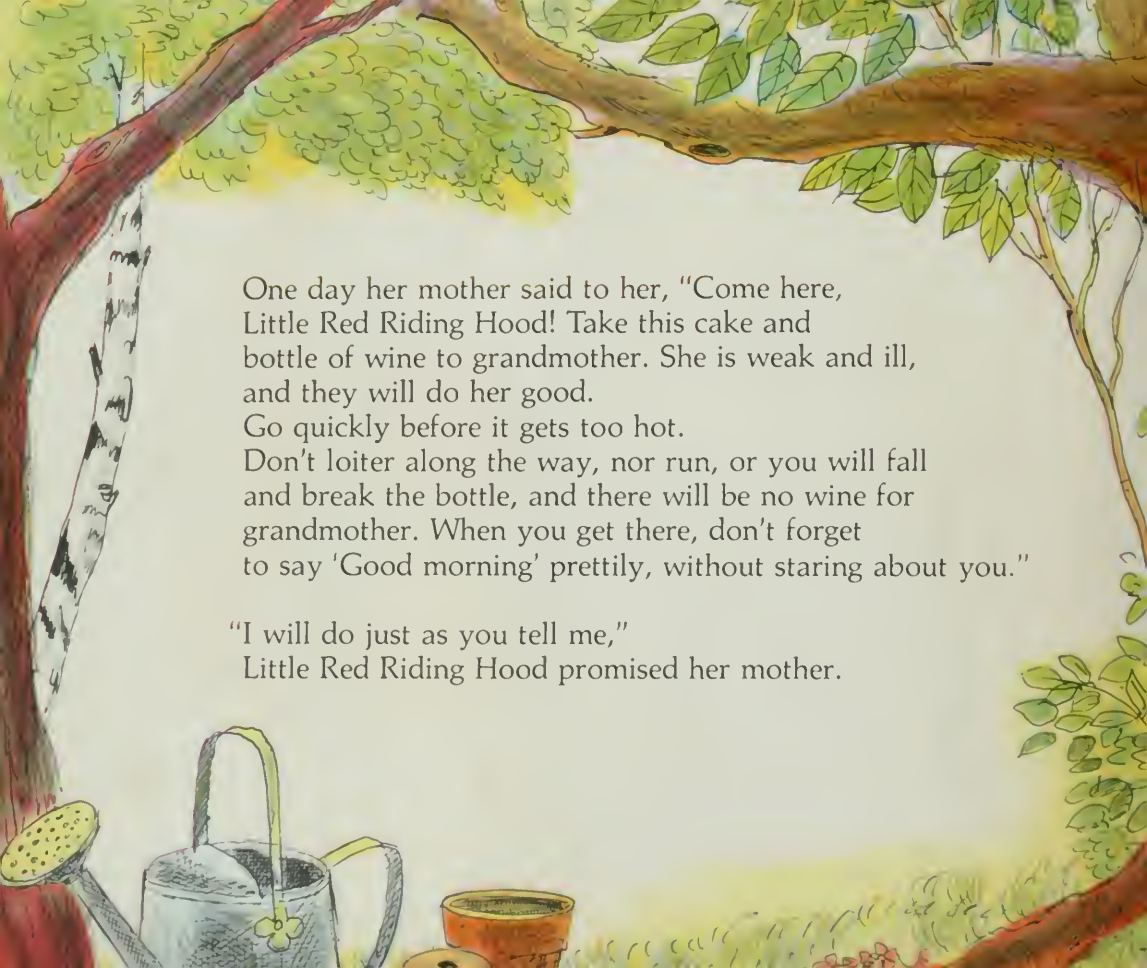
Galdone, Paul.  
Little Red Riding Hood.

SUMMARY: A retelling of the folk tale about a little  
girl who finds a wolf in her grandmother's clothing.

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Once upon a time there was a sweet little maiden who was loved by all who knew her. She was especially dear to her grandmother, who did not know how to make enough of the child. Once she gave her a little red velvet cloak. It was so becoming and she liked it so much that she would never wear anything else. So she got the name of Little Red Riding Hood.

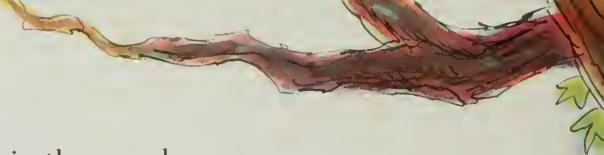




One day her mother said to her, "Come here, Little Red Riding Hood! Take this cake and bottle of wine to grandmother. She is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly before it gets too hot. Don't loiter along the way, nor run, or you will fall and break the bottle, and there will be no wine for grandmother. When you get there, don't forget to say 'Good morning' prettily, without staring about you."

"I will do just as you tell me,"  
Little Red Riding Hood promised her mother.





Her grandmother lived away in the wood,  
a good half hour from the village.  
When she got to the wood she met a wolf,  
but Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked  
animal he was, so she was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood," he said.  
"Good morning, wolf," she answered.

"Whither away so early, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"To grandmother's."

"What have you got in your basket?"

"Cake and wine. We baked yesterday, so I am taking  
a cake to her. She wants something to make her well."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"A good quarter of an hour farther into the wood.  
Her house stands under three big oak trees near a  
hedge of nut trees which you must know,"  
said Little Red Riding Hood.

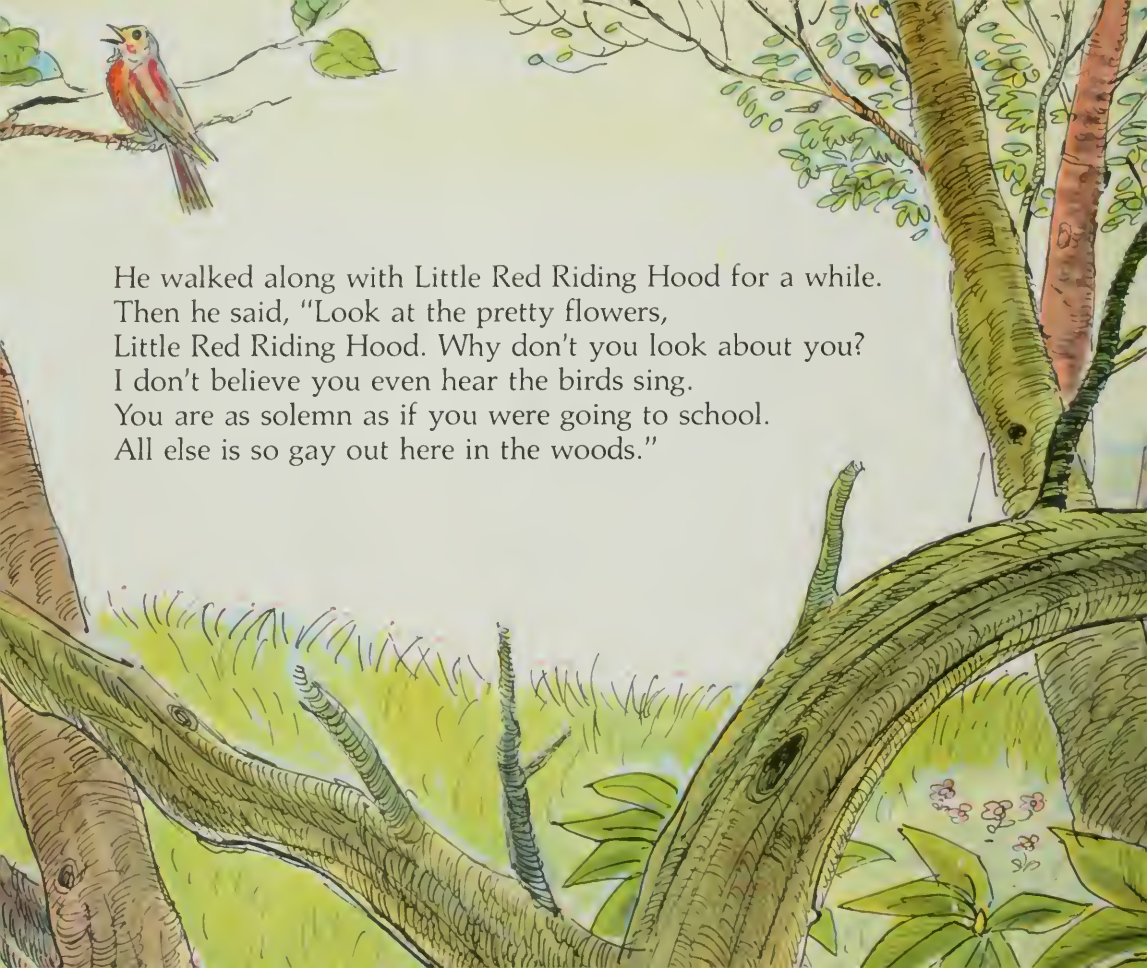




The wolf thought, "This tender little creature will be a plump morsel! She will be nicer than the old woman. I must be cunning and snap them both up."

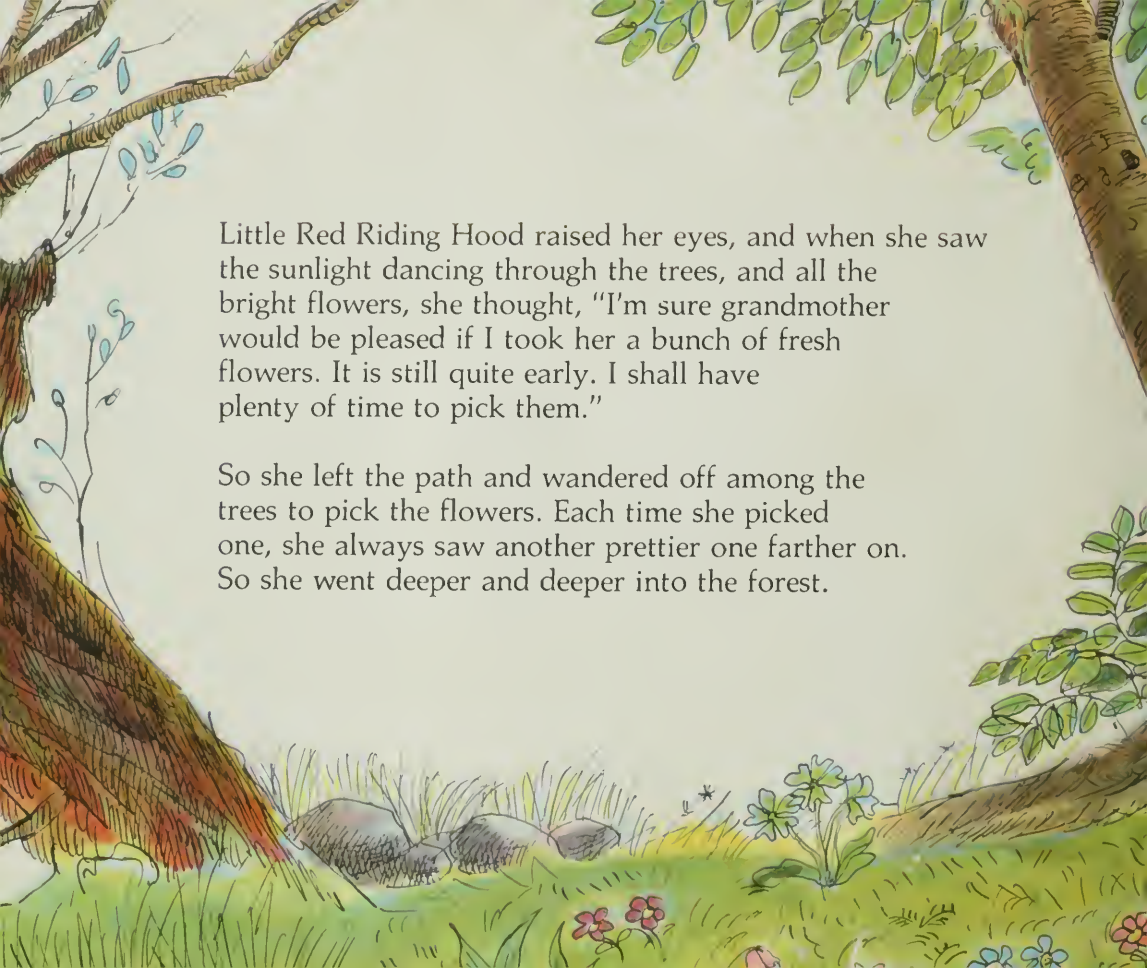






He walked along with Little Red Riding Hood for a while.  
Then he said, "Look at the pretty flowers,  
Little Red Riding Hood. Why don't you look about you?  
I don't believe you even hear the birds sing.  
You are as solemn as if you were going to school.  
All else is so gay out here in the woods."



The illustration depicts a sunlit forest. In the upper left, a tree branch with small blue flowers hangs down. In the upper right, a tree trunk and green leaves are visible. The ground is covered in green grass, with several small flowers in shades of pink, red, and blue. A few grey rocks are scattered in the middle ground. The overall style is soft and painterly, with a focus on natural elements.

Little Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunlight dancing through the trees, and all the bright flowers, she thought, "I'm sure grandmother would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers. It is still quite early. I shall have plenty of time to pick them."

So she left the path and wandered off among the trees to pick the flowers. Each time she picked one, she always saw another prettier one farther on. So she went deeper and deeper into the forest.



In the meantime  
the wolf went straight off  
to the grandmother's cottage  
and knocked on the door.  
"Who is there?"  
"Little Red Riding Hood, bringing you  
a cake and some wine.  
Open the door!"



"Lift the latch,"  
called out the old woman.  
"I am too weak to get up."



The wolf lifted the latch  
and the door sprang open.  
He went straight in  
and up to the bed  
without saying a word,  
and ate up the poor old woman.

Then he put on  
her nightdress and cap,  
got into the bed and  
drew up the curtains.





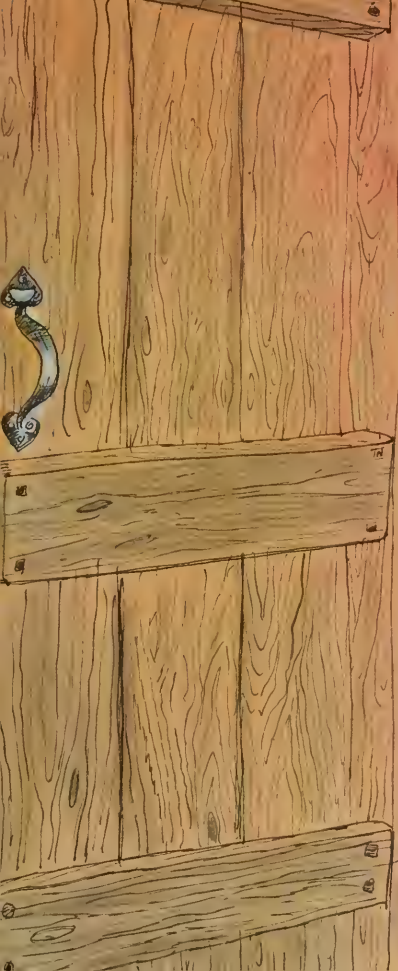
Little Red Riding Hood picked flowers till she could carry no more, and then she remembered her grandmother again. She was astonished when she got to the house to find the door open, and when she entered the room everything seemed strange.

She felt quite frightened but she did not know why.

"Generally I like coming to see grandmother so much," she thought.

"Good morning, grandmother," she cried.

But she received no answer.



Then she went up to the bed and drew the curtains back. There lay her grandmother, but she had drawn her cap down over her face and looked very odd.

"Oh grandmother, what big ears you have," she said.

"The better to hear you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have."

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What big hands you have, grandmother."

"The better to catch hold of you with, my dear."

"But grandmother, what big teeth you have."

"The better to eat you with, my dear."

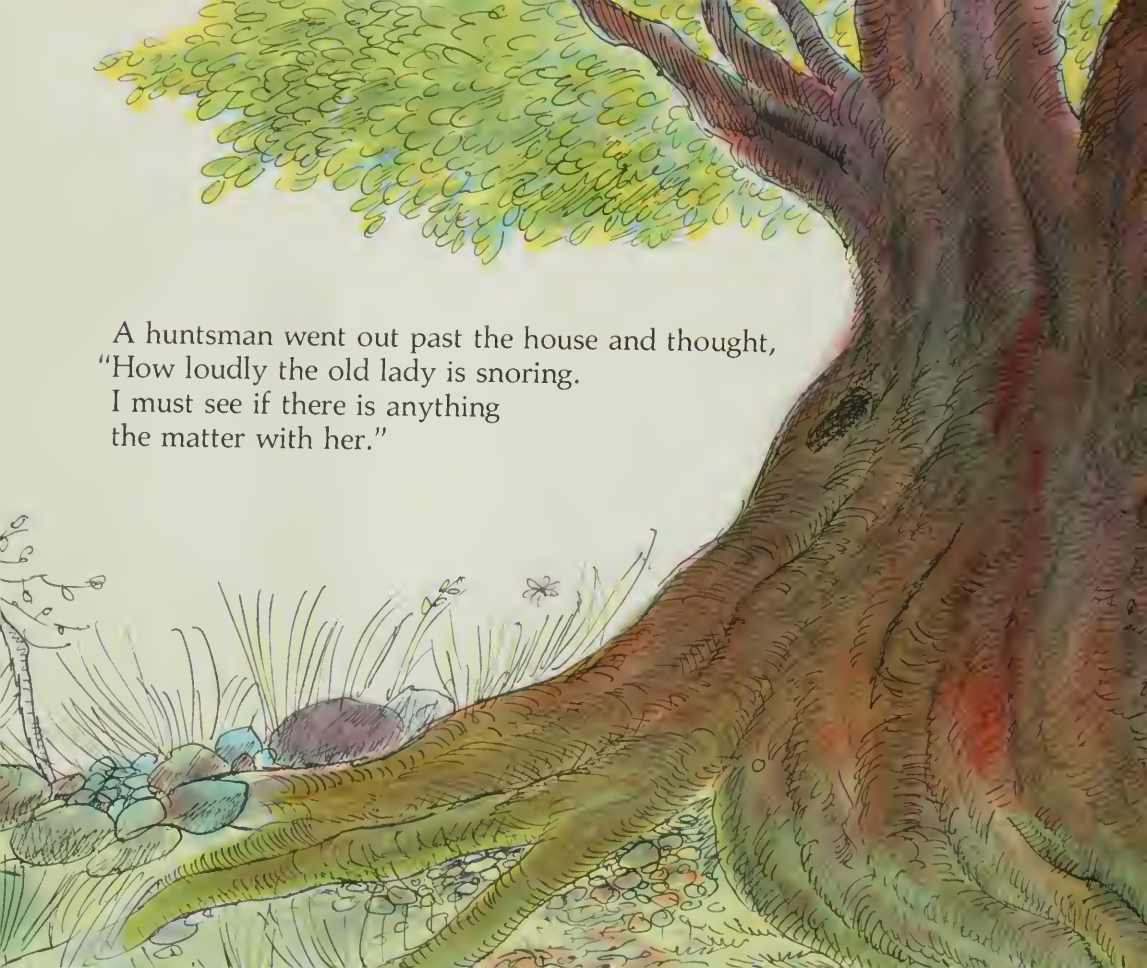




Hardly had the wolf said this  
when he made a spring  
out of bed and swallowed  
poor Little Red Riding Hood.





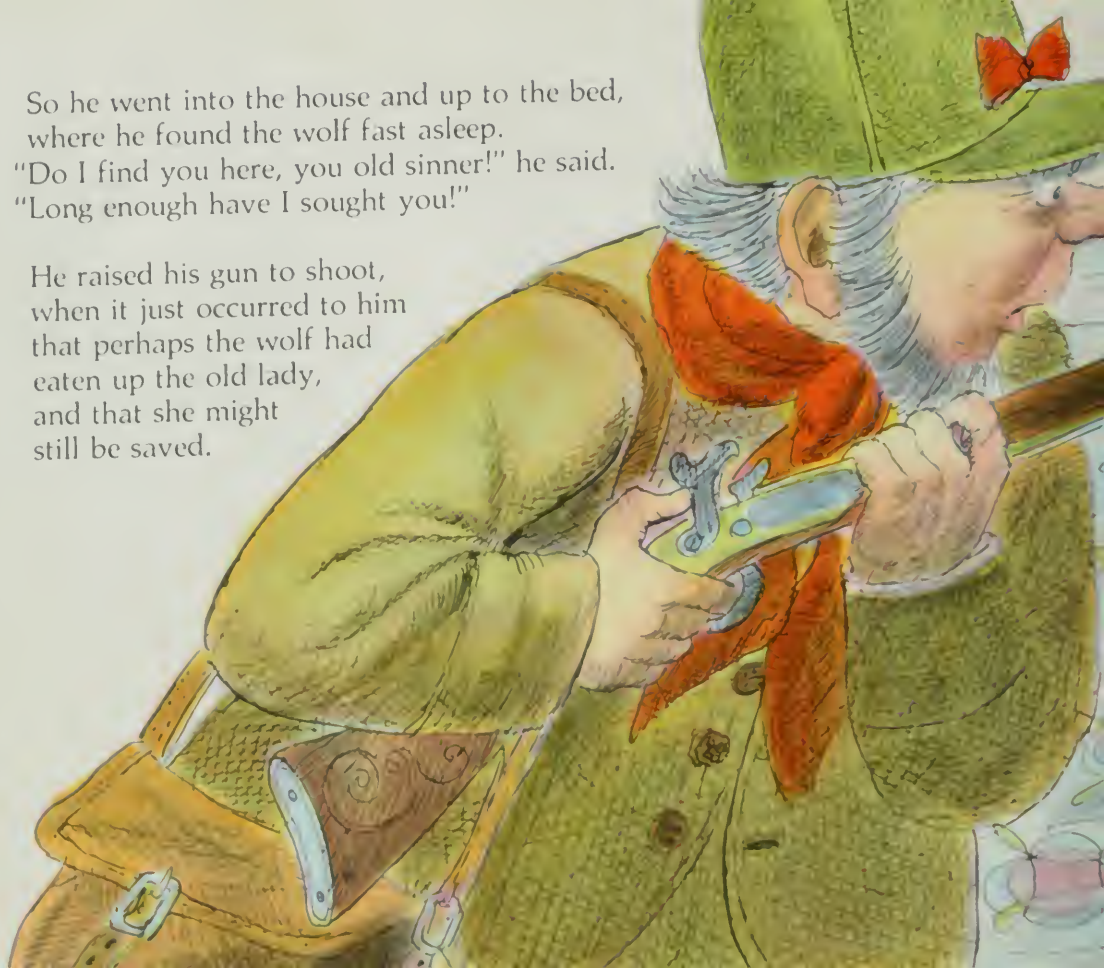


A huntsman went out past the house and thought,  
"How loudly the old lady is snoring.  
I must see if there is anything  
the matter with her."



So he went into the house and up to the bed,  
where he found the wolf fast asleep.  
"Do I find you here, you old sinner!" he said.  
"Long enough have I sought you!"

He raised his gun to shoot,  
when it just occurred to him  
that perhaps the wolf had  
eaten up the old lady,  
and that she might  
still be saved.





So he took a knife and began  
cutting open the sleeping wolf.  
At first he saw the little red cloak,  
and after a few more slashes,  
the little girl sprang out and cried,

"Oh, how frightened I was!  
It was so dark inside the wolf."  
Next the old grandmother came,  
alive but hardly able to breathe.

Little Red Riding Hood brought some big stones  
with which they filled the wolf.

He awoke and tried to spring up,  
but the stones dragged him back  
and he fell down dead.

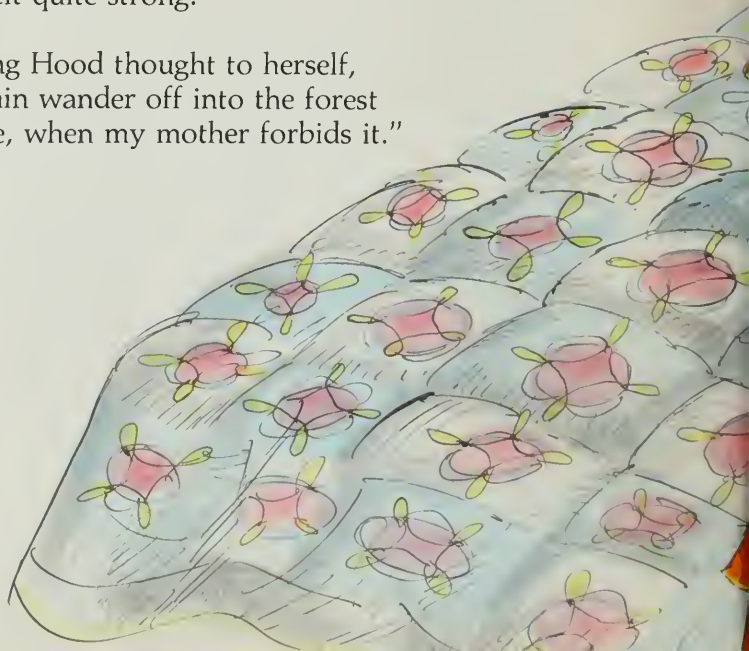




They were all quite happy now. The huntsman skinned the wolf and took the skin home.

The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Little Red Riding Hood had brought, and she soon felt quite strong.

Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, "I will never again wander off into the forest as long as I live, when my mother forbids it."













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